

*The Historie of*

*King.* With all my heart.

*Prince.* Then brother *Iohn of Lancaster*,  
To you this honourable bountie shall belong,  
Go to the *Douglas* and deliuer him  
Vp to his pleasure ransomlesse and free.  
His valour shewne vpon our Crests to day,  
Hath taught vs how to cherish such high deedes,  
Euen in the bosome of our aduersaries.

*King.* Then this remains, that we diuide our Power,  
You Sonne *Iohn*, and my coosen *Westmerland*,  
Towards *Yorke* shall bend you with your deereft speed,  
To meete *Northumberland* and the Prelate *Scroope*,  
Who (as we heare) are busily in armes:  
My selfe and you, Sonne *Harry*, will towards *Wales*,  
To fight with *Glendower*, and the Earle of *March*.  
Rebelliou in this Land shall loose his way,  
Meeting the checke of such another day:  
And since this businesse so faire is done,  
Let vs not leaue till all our owne be wonne.

F I N I S.

